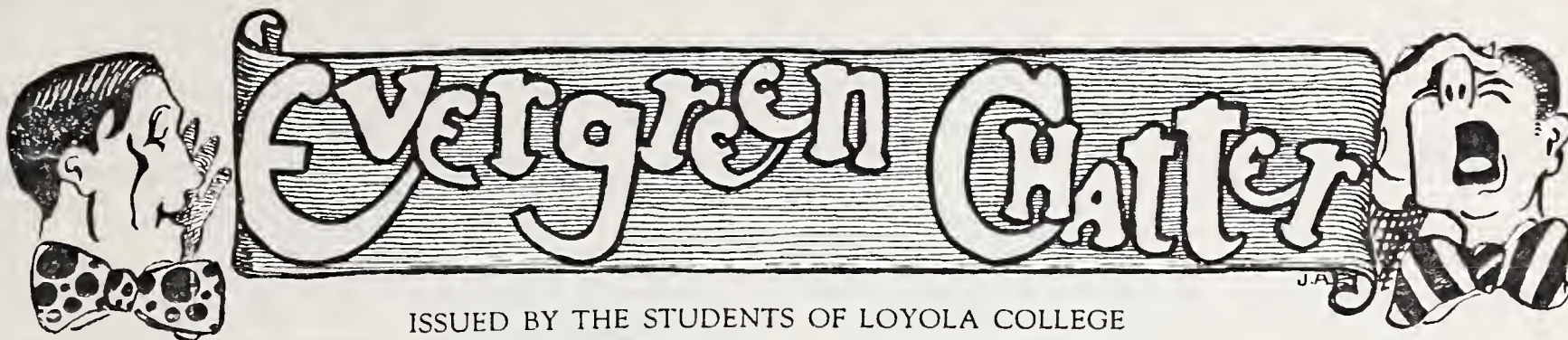




ISSUED BY THE STUDENTS OF LOYOLA COLLEGE

VOL. 1. No. 6

BALTIMORE, MD., FEBRUARY 19th, 1926

PRICE 10 CENTS

MARDI-GRAS

CLOSES PRE-LENTEN ACTIVITIES

Loyola's social activities came to a grand climax at the Mardi-Gras dance, held in the new Gym Monday evening. Forsaking many other entertainments and dances which were being crowded in before Lent, quite a large number of Loyola boys turned out to make the Mardi-Gras a success. With them came their lady friends, attired in gowns which rivalled the hues of the rainbow. One might say "It was a very colorful evening."

Many of the faculty were present to witness the fun and the alumni, by their presence, did themselves proud.

The Gym floor is proving itself to be excellent for dancing and the only regret is that more of the boys aren't taking advantage of it to enjoy an evening of pleasure.

The Mardi-Gras has closed our social season for the present—and a fitting close it was. May the dances to be held after Lent be as fine as those already presented.

HERE ARE THE

LUCKY ONES

The terrible suspense is ended. At last the night arrived when the gorgeous rope of pearls and the fine new Ford coupe were awarded. The time was last Monday evening—the place, the Mardi-Gras dance in the new Gym.

Breathless with excitement were those holding tickets on either prize as Father Whalen held aloft the box containing the numbers. Fast beat the hearts of those in attendance, as the orchestra leader drew the precious slips from their resting place and announced that Edwin J. Farber, of 2706 St. Paul street, was to be the proud possessor of the pearls, and R. McDonald, of 641 Gutman avenue, was to sport a new Ford coupe. Congratulations to the winners!

REMAINING GAMES ON BASKET-BALL SCHEDULE

February 27—Washington College at Baltimore.

March 6—Mt. St. Mary's College at Baltimore.

These are both State games, and a banner attendance is requested. Attend the games, and cheer Loyola to a State championship.

WESTERN MARYLAND BOWS TO LOYOLA

Dudley And Menton Star As Terrors Go Down To Defeat

The much heralded Western Maryland basket-ball team, fresh from their victory over Washington College, proved no match for the Loyola basketeers and fell before the Irish attack by a score of 39 to 20.

Loyola took the lead early in the game when Menton netted one from the outside, and from then on was never threatened. The clever passing attack of the Evergreen athletes completely bewildered the Green Terrors as Dudley and Helfrich rolled up point after point. The brilliant work of Menton and Byrne in the back court gave the Westminster basketeers but few open shots and the half ended 18 to 8.

The second half was a repetition of the first. The substitution of Rodgers and Mitchell supplied the punch to carry Loyola on with the speed of a fresh team, and when they trotted off the floor to make way for the reserves during the last five minutes the score was 35 to 18.

The reserves led by Bunting and Shea added insult to injury when they outplayed and outscored the Terrors during the remaining time.

Broll and Williams acquitted themselves with glory for Western Maryland, the former starring on the attack and the latter putting up an exceptionally clever game on the defense.

CARD PARTY A SUCCESS

The benefit card party held at the Woman's Club, Roland Park, on February 6, was as everybody expected it would be, a huge success. The untiring efforts of the promoters were rewarded by the unhopd-for-attendance, and the expressions of satisfaction that were voiced by all.

The club rooms were artistically decorated, and the array of prizes, for the more skillful ones was, to say the least, an unusual one. Not the least pleasing feature of the party was the substantial sum realized for the benefit of the college athletic association. The student-body takes this opportunity to tender their sincere thanks and express their admiration for the capability of the ladies in charge. Mrs. S. B. Cofall and the Misses Margaret Reuter, Dorothy Horrigan, Virginia Horrigan, Adele Cole, Lilian Hanlon and Mary Hanlon.

The game ended with a burst of applause as Bunting netted a pretty shot from the outside.

LOYOLA

	G.	F.	T.
Dudley, f.....	6	3	15
Helfrich, f.....	2	1	5
Mitchell, f.....	1	1	3
Shea, f.....	1	0	2
Cummings, c.....	0	1	1
Menton, g.....	3	1	7
Byrne, g.....	2	0	4
Rodgers, g.....	0	0	0
Enright, g.....	0	0	0
Bunting, g.....	1	0	2
	16	7	39

WESTERN MARYLAND

	G.	F.	T.
G. Williams, f....	2	0	4
Broll, f.....	3	0	6
Young, f.....	2	0	4
Stanley, c.....	1	0	2
Hahn, c.....	0	0	0
E. Williams, g....	0	4	4
Weigle, g.....	0	0	0
Machamer, g.....	0	0	0
	8	4	20

SCORE BY HALVES

Loyola	18	21	39
Western Maryland...	8	12	20

Referee, Neun; Umpire, Voith.

CHEER!

There is a space reserved at all home games for the students and their friends. This reserved section is in a place most advantageous for seeing the game and urging our athletes to victory. These teams are representing YOUR school. These athletes are your FRIENDS. Get behind them. Give them a helping hand to victory. Get in the stand and fight with your voice while those men of Loyola are matching their skill against our opponents.

CHEER!

STUDENT COUNCIL

A Student Council governing the student activities and acting as an intermediary between the students and faculty, has become a very important factor in college life. It is the key to ideally amicable relations between student-body and faculty, eliminating the petty squabbles and dealing smoothly with graver misunderstandings.

At present where there is no such council, there is apt to be unnecessary trouble, for no student likes to place himself in the despicable role of "squealer." Hence the misdeeds of a few are attributed to the whole. The student-body no more wants the presence of a certain kind of fellow than does the faculty. But who will say that the faculty is in a better position than the students to know and direct the activities of students?

The great majority of students adhere to certain standards of honor and pride. But that does not prevent the few from blighting the good name of the whole college. Such a committee has advantages for both students and faculty.

The student-body would no longer be bothered by the unsavory language of a few. The "knocker" and similar pests would have to go. Grave misconduct, or misdeed on the part of any student would be quickly detected and dealt with; the results of student-council action are immediate and permanent.

However, under the present circumstances, further talk is useless. We must first know the answer to this question. Will the faculty authorize a student-council and consider its decisions? There have been so many changes for the better recently, let us look for one more.

J. R., '27.

CORRECTION

The Ode to Melpomene, appearing in our last issue, being a translation, we wish to note here a correction that should be made. The line misprinted as "And envys string e'en waves in ecstasy," should read "And envy's sting e'en wanes in ecstasy."

Notwithstanding that the main interest of many women is colthes, few nowadays are ever completely wrapt up in them.—Arkansas Gazette.

KEEP YOUR INTEREST EVERGREEN

THE EVERGREEN CHATTER

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT LOYOLA COLLEGE, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of the CHATTER has been edited by Mr. W. T. McQuaid, of the Class of '27.

WHAT PRICE STUDY?

Let us rejoice and be glad that those woeful days of labor and of sorrow are past. Now that the exams are over let's settle down to our everyday life, which is having a good time and not letting too much study interfere. Examinations are fearful things. You know, some things, after get used to them, lose their terror; not so examinations. These you can take for years and years, yet your last exam in senior philosophy will contain as many terrifying, unanswerable, unimaginable questions as your first in freshman English.

The sage Solomon said, when speaking of man "that he entangled himself with an infinity of questions" (Ecc., ch. 7, 30). Which leads us to believe that even back in those days they must have had college examinations, for there's no place where you can get more tangled up in questions. Our friend of the many wives also said that "much study is an affliction of the flesh" (Ecc., ch. 12, 12). Again he is right, and we heartily agree with him. The years spent in college would be four years practically wasted, if their purpose was solely to increase our store of information. There is more to the college course than some English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, etc. Beyond the knowledge gained, the developing of the intellect, is something else which is more personal, which is spiritual and cannot be measured by examinations, nor graded by marks. There is a change and development in the character of every student who comes to college.

It is said that the human body renews itself every seven years. A similar but swifter change takes place in the character of every student. Coming fresh from high school, he must adjust himself to entirely different surroundings. No longer is he the big boss looked up to by the rest of the school. But standing at the foot of the ladder, he sees himself an insignificant unit of the school with three years of study and work before he will be a senior.

Now if Freshmen were the least bit thoughtful or serious-minded they would be disheartened at such a prospect. But ambling through the freshman year, living for the present, satisfied to skim through their examinations, adapting themselves to college life, and enjoying the benefits and privileges offered by the new atmosphere, they go on in the bliss of nonchalance.

With Sophomore year comes the realization that they are no longer so unnecessary. At this period of their career they may be seen lording it over the Freshmen and driving hard bargains for books without the aid of which, they assure you, you'll never get through "Freshman"! Their greatest worry is to keep the Freshmen in their place and be strictly "collegiate" in everything. During this term a reaction from the humbleness of the preceding year takes place, and ere long they develop the idea that they are the backbone of the school, imagine the upper-classmen are fizzles, and that it is up to them to put the college on the map. This is an unavoidable disease—like the measles—and should be called *minorus seniorus*, happily they convalesce, and with normality comes the realization that they are not as great as they thought.

In Junior year a more radical change takes place. They are a vital part of the school now. In the athletic, social and educational activity they hold a noteworthy position. The studies are different. Classroom recitations are supplanted by lectures and

individual study. Greater freedom is permitted in the choosing of the course, and in every way the Junior is made to think and act for himself, independently of his teachers.

At last comes Senior year. That coveted position which seemed so far away and so difficult to attain is now reached. Leaders now in all the college activities, looked up to by the rest of the school, they have at last reached the goal. Passing through the fire and water of their undergraduate years they have persevered, and after a year of seniority, receive their degree and are gone from college life forever.

Some go elsewhere to pursue more advanced studies, while others go immediately into the active world. It is but a short time before the board and varied information acquired in college through study is forgotten. For one finds, especially in the business world, that the knowledge needed to obtain a degree, is not such a great advantage, and that the training which the faculties received, though exceptional, is equalled by some who have never been to college. Yet the college graduate is distinguishable from other men and in a way set above them. There is a personality or character in the real college graduate that makes him different. It cannot be described in words, it is felt when we meet him, and demonstrated when we witness his acts. The four years at college—the work, the play, the spirit of the school, the mixing with others who have the same purpose, the persevering through the long years of study—all these together react in his soul, producing at length a real man.

F., '27.

VALENTINE

Oh stay awhile, do not depart,
Allow mine eyes to dine,
Upon the feast thou truly art,
My valentine!

Bid me to love, and in my heart,
As stars above do shine,
A flame shall blaze for thee apart,
My valentine!

Then bid me weep, or make me sad,
And deeply I shall pine,
Until thy voice doth make me glad,
My valentine!

Thy might is like the fairy's wand;
That very life of mine,
Doth lie as clay in thy slim hand,
My valentine!

—H. F. M. Pre-Med., '27.

Another paradox is that many climb to considerable heights by remaining on the level.—*Florence Herald.*

Alumni

The annual meeting of the Loyola College Alumni Association was held in the Science Building, Evergreen, on Friday, January 29, 1926. Mr. August Bourbon, Jr., A. B., '14, was unanimously elected president of the Association for the coming year. Rev. John I. Barrett, director of the parochial schools of the Archdiocese, was chosen first vice-president and Mr. Charles B. Gorman was chosen second vice-president. The directors elected to serve for three years were: Mr. R. Emmett Bradley, Mr. Eugene J. Jendrek and Dr. Charles Woodruff.

The Reverend Moderator, Father Ziegler, S. J., made the opening announcements. He was followed by Mr. A. J. Boyd, who read the financial report for the year ending. Mr. Clarke J. Fitzpatrick, who had served for a year as president, presided and surrendered the chair when the new president was formally inducted into office.

Upon taking the chair Mr. Bourbon made a short address outlining the program of the Association under his regime. He promised a year of much activity and of significant changes and earnestly requested the co-operation of the alumni and asked for a continuance of the earnestness and enthusiasm which have marked their work in recent years.

The Reverend Father McEnaney was called upon to address the meeting. He presented a statement which he had received from a group of members of the Association asking his permission to completely change the Association's constitution, making it a body wholly divorced from the jurisdiction of the faculty representative. He stated that he had considered the proposal since it was first presented to him and that he deemed it fit that the request should be granted. The proposed changes were then referred to the Executive Committee of the association and after that body has studied the matter it will make recommendations to the entire Association.

The meeting was one of the best attended in recent years and reflected the spirit of awakened interest among members of the alumni.

We suggest to many of the older graduates who so generously contributed their time and their funds to the gymnasium drive to visit Evergreen and inspect the latest addition to Loyola's new group of buildings. The gymnasium is a model of its kind both in accommodations and in architecture, and those who were in any way associated with the making of it possible have reason to harbor a just pride in their efforts. If you have not seen it, we propose a visit and a personal inspection by you and your friends.

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CLASS LEAGUE

Standing

	W.	L.	P.
Senior	2	0	1000
Freshman (A)...	2	0	1000
Junior	1	1	.500
Sophomore (A)...	1	1	.500
Freshman (B)...	1	1	.500
Annex	1	1	.500
Pre-Medical	0	2	.000
Sophomore (B)...	0	2	.000

Senior

Jack Menton, Coach

The Senior team has proved the surprise of the league. It surprised its followers when it defeated the strong Sophomore A team and it remained on top of the heap by taking the Soph's B team into camp. Coach Menton has built up a nice offense around Twardowicz, his ace, and as long as Twardowicz can shoot-em the Near Grads will win-em.

Junior

John Spellissey, Coach

Flashing a clever defense the Juniors captured their initial tilt from the Sophomore B team but were completely bewildered by the clever attack of Freshman A and succumbed by an overwhelming score. Coach Spellissey has a squad, which will give a good account of itself as soon as it begins to work the ball in and not depend on long shots to win the game.

Sophomore (A)

Orell Mitchell, Coach

After dropping their first game to the Seniors in the last minute of play, the Sophomores gave their followers renewed hope, when they defeated the future doctors in their second tilt of the league scramble for honors. Coach Mitchell has a strong squad, so look out for trouble, opponents!

Sophomore (B)

Tom Gray, Coach

This team, though made up of clever players, has not as yet struck its stride. Their glaring fault is the lack of pass work, but we feel reasonably certain that Tom Gray will soon get them in shape to give the league leaders a real hattle.

Freshman (A)

Frank Dudley, Coach

The speedy passing and accurate shooting that sent the Annex down to defeat in the league opener was again evident in the game with Junior, and the Fresh A squad advanced another step nearer the flag they expect to win. Frank Dudley's team is one of the cleverest in the league and its grasp on the top rung is going to be hard to break.

Freshman (B)

Clarence Rodgers, Coach

The Freshman B team, after decisively defeating the future doctors in its first game, dropped its second start to the Annex after leading throughout most of the game. Clarence Rodgers has developed a clever offense around the diminutive Pat Murphy, but he will have to strengthen his defense if he hopes to make the Freshman A vs. B game a real battle.

Pre-Medical

Bill Bunting, Coach

The Medical dribblers have gotten off to a bad start by dropping their first two games. Coach Bunting has been handicapped by the lack of reserve material but is making the most of the situation and promises stiff opposition to all comers.

Annex

"Happy" Enright, Coach

After getting off to a bad start in the league race by bowing to Freshman A the Annex broke into the win column at the expense of Freshman B. At present this team is hampered by the lack of reserve material, but we feel that Coach Enright can be counted on to strengthen his squad and make them a real contender.

"THE OBSERVER."

MATERIAL NEEDED

In former years swimming was unknown in our somewhat limited sport department. In fact, swimming was an unthought of possibility this year, until early in February, the Athletic Director showed the student-body the necessity of competing in this sport, if we are to become well known athletically.

Now with a Hopkins-Loyola meet scheduled for March 5, the Loyola sharks have taken to the water with a determination. Tom Coyle, one of our prospective dash men, is clipping seconds of his 50 each time he swims; John McNichol, Wildwood life guard, has flashed ability in the hundred; while Bunny Talley and Tom Fitzgerald are striving with might and main in the distance events. Boog McHugh swims a clever breast-stroke and with practice should go over easily.

But we need material, much material, if you are a true Loyola man, and have any swimming ability, you will attend the practices, where your ability will be recognized and your presence appreciated. This means You and You.

ATHLETES IN THE MAKING

Catholic education in Baltimore has developed immensely, more so in proportion than that of the municipality itself. A Parochial school exists practically in every parish in this fine old city of the Calverts. We have three very efficient Catholic high schools for boys; the Archbishop promises still another. The ordinary lay Catholic is enthusiastic over the progress so far, but let him consider an important, logical, and fundamentally necessary aspect of education—the development of our boys along physical lines.

Wherever we are to place the blame, it is undeniable that the Catholic boy, as far as organization on a large scale is considered, has been neglected.

For the sake of argument, place the public school on one side of the balance, the Catholic school on the other. The municipal institution has always had athletic activities through the encouragement of the city government and the splendid, praiseworthy efforts of the Playground Athletic League. This organization has banded the municipal schools together for years; they have provided instructors, equipment, opportunity, and whatever else is necessary to develop the body of the boy and to offer him recreation.

The Parochial school has had several spasmodic leagues. They did not function more than a few seasons at most, not through any fault of the organizers, but through the lack of co-operation from the very ones in charge of the school. A sense of duty

to develop not only the intellect, but the body seems to be entirely lacking; even Scripture binds one to development of the material body.

Catholics must face the situation as facts prove it to exist. The Catholic lad has been neglected.

One has but to read the result in comparison of the law of averages among the high schools in this city, relative to teams of Championship caliber. Thus is the Parochial school proven to be inferior. It may be advanced that in the last few years our schools have been contenders, or even winners, but again glance back over the table of the past. The theory seems to be that the past few Parochial school leagues have been of exceptional value in assisting the scholastic teams at present. What then could we pressage if the Grammar schools were properly organized and functioning efficiently?

The outlook is indeed gratifying under this aspect! The CHATTER is not pessimistic, it is only right and just, that we students of Loyola stare the cold reality in the face—the laymen of the Archdiocese have been neglectful in the athletic advancement of our youth.

MORAL: Loyola to a man should promise to give impetus to any movement along these lines. Loyola should even pledge to become a pioneer in this activity.

THEN—

Watch our Parochial schools,
Watch our High schools.
Watch our Colleges.

J. R. S., '27.

DON'T MISS

LOYOLA
COLLEGE

VS

WASHINGTON
COLLEGE

Saturday, February 27th

104th Armory

KEEP YOUR INTEREST EVERGREEN

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BOOKS

"My library was dukedom large enough."—*Prospero, in the Tempest.*

"The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish. New York. Harper & Bros. 1925. \$2.00.

"The Perennial Bachelor" is best known as the winner of the first award in the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1925.

Realism in fiction is the vogue of this post-war period, some of it, or rather most of it, is of a sordid, murky kind, while that which is clean and wholesome appears at very rare intervals. Fortunately we can place Anne Parrish's novel in the rare, latter class; in fact, its cleanliness is one of the noteworthy qualities.

The action of the narrative dwells upon the material decline of old Delaware family and covers a span of three decades and over. The perennial bachelor is Victor Champion, who is forever the pride of his three maiden sisters—Maggie, May and Lilly. The sisters sacrifice their all for their brother's worldly progress, a progress destined never to be. May's death is tragic, the result of a horrid trick. Maggie dies of cancer after a full lifetime of personal service to her brother. In the end Victor and Lilly alone remain—the most pathetic characters in one of the most pathetic of modern works.

The plot suffers somewhat from the too constant occurrence of sadnesses and pitiable situations, thus causing a certain negative interest in the latter part of the book. However, the fine characterizations more than offset the above-mentioned weakness. The novelist's characters are cut boldly, almost manfully, yet her womanhood triumphs in the maternal and loving devotion of the three sisters for their unfortunate brother. Many a day will pass, I believe, before we meet with another such Victor, or another Maggie, or May, or Lilly, within the folds of a novel. Yet how real they are?—we have but to glance around us at the misery and suffering in the world to see many, many Victors and many of his sisters—all of them needing our sympathy and care, such as was denied by the world to these pathetic characters of an excellent, lesson-teaching novel.

Lady: Why aren't you a successful business man?

Tramp: You see, lady, I wasted my time in school instead of selling newspapers.

A street urchin stepped on a weighing machine,

In the light of the parting day,
He slyly slipped a slug in the slot,
And silently stole a-weigh.

Whether the pedestrian gets an even break depends largely on where he's hit.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

LOST

What a varied treasure of reflection there is waiting for him who would loiter with profit—in "sessions of sweet silent thought"—within the book-bricked walls of a library. Much is to be gained if we but heed the battalions of thoughts, knapsacked with gems of wisdom, as they stand tier upon tier in silent service. We draw a book from its place. Perhaps a little cloud of dust rises with the deed! Pretty old book, we say: back all faded and sides almost as bright as new. No marks of fingers write the story of diligence on the edges of the pages; no marks are there save the yellow touch of time. We open it at random, and let the leaves turn quickly under our thumbs. Ha; here's rebellion: some of the pages stick together. Do they resent being disturbed? No; not that. They have never been cut! What a story is here told in the tongue of mute evidence. And thus did reflection score its first point.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Such is the fate of many an opportunity, those unseen sprites that swarm about us, tarrying a while to be recognized. There is a faint call. We turn. "Who was that?" No response. "Oh well, whoever it is will call again." We pursue not the sound, we forget to recall the qualities of voices we may know: and empty echoes mock our indifference—a trivial loss! Yes, as trivial as the loss of him who bought the book and never cared to profit by reading it. He, poor spendthrift, perhaps admired the cover, the attractive lettering, the ornate embossing, but the monotony of page after page of cold type held no charm for him. We, poor heedless ones, toy with the golden apples of opportunity, but find the golden skin too hard to pierce—some may laugh to see us render that little service to tottering age; that dream of success requires a little sacrifice; that letter can wait until tomorrow; and a thousand similar excuses make it so. And then? We toss the fruit aside as though it were the apple of the Dead Sea, alluring to the eye, but to the taste, ash. Just a tiny loss, yes, a tiny loss for—

Oh, let me cease: I am weary!

Editor's Note: See what a good chance, a fine opportunity, of presenting to us splendid matter for serious thought the unfinished state of the above article makes the author lose.

B. ZAR, '28.

'Tis the heaviest ear of corn, that lowest bows its head.

STELLA

Just a wee bit of lace
On a wee little card,
With a wee bit of verse
Makes me think so hard
Of a wee little girl
With a wee little smile,
Who has sent me this gift
O'er many a mile.
In my dreams she is there
Trusting all that I say,
Just a wee tot of six
With her sweet childish way.

She's my wee valentine,
I vow I'll not fail her,
She's more than that, too:
My heart's little jailer.
'29.

LOYOLA
WASHINGTON

GAME

at the

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FEBRUARY 27th

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